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(Continued.)

With the parcels unopened under her arm, Mrs. Trumbley was turning toward the dining room. "Come on an' eat yore supper," she said to her daughter. "I hear Mr. Daniel on the porch now. Take off that hat. Have you gone plumb crazy?"

Mary stood hesitatingly. "I'm not hungry, mother—not a bit. Howard treated me and Uncle Ab to ice cream and cakes just before we drove out of town. He was so happy over the trade being closed that he insists on our doing it, and—"

"Well, you ain't goin' to sleep in yore hat, shurely?" Mrs. Trumbley retorted sharply. "What are you keeping it on for?"

With slow fingers Mary untied the ribbons beneath her iridescent chin. "I thought I'd keep it on because I have to run over to the Tinsleys. But I won't need it now that it is dark."

"Over to Tinsley's? Did you ever?" exclaimed Mrs. Trumbley. "What in the name of common sense are you goin' over there for? You talked with that old woman at the gate fully an hour this mornin', an' now you have to see 'er before you are at home a minute. You will be steepin' an' eatin' over there, I reckon."

"Tut, tut, tut!" The exclamation was Abner's, who was entering from the rear, his loose shoes scraping on the floor. "Do let the gal alone. I heard 'er promise Howard to run right over to relieve his mother's mind. The pore old creature is high crazy, expectin' the boy to go away tomorrow, an' this change in his plans will be glad tidin' to her. Go ahead, Mary. Old Ab understands you of yore ma don't."

"I understand 'er entirely too well, 'er peace of mind," Mrs. Trumbley sneered. "She is lettin' the entire country know she has Howard Tinsley on 'er mind—right now, too, when the triffin' scamp is drivin' here an' there with that stuck up Atlanta girl. I heard—an' it come straight, too—that him an' her met old Tinsley in the big road 'other day an' that Howard turned 'is head in another direction an' didn't so much as nod to the man he owes his all to."

"Howard looked away to keep from havin' to stop an' lick the old skunk in public," Abner chuckled mischievously. "Old Hiram has been shootin' off his lip too free about Miss Langham. He thinks because she shakes a merry toe in the gay quadrille an' lets the boys hold 'er tight agin' 'em in the polka that she is leavin' 'em all straight to the reprimand she had received."

She found Mrs. Tinsley alone in the big kitchen, which was dimly lighted by an oil lamp on a table. Mary's step was soft, and the woman was not aware of her presence till she was close behind her. Mary overheard a low, suppressed sigh as Mrs. Tinsley bent over the open fire, on the coals of which were some pots and pans, which she was cleaning with hot water and a rag on a stick.

"Oh!" she exclaimed as she turned and saw the visitor. "I didn't know who it was. Have you just got back? I was going over to see you. I— I thought Howard surely would come back with you and be at your house if— if he didn't come on here. Is— is he there?"

"No, we left him in town," Mary's voice was full of emotion. She laid her hands tenderly on the bent shoulders. The fear flashed through her mind that the good news might do the recipient serious harm, and she was wondering how she could best make it known. In the short pause that ensued a groan escaped Mrs. Tinsley's lips.

"I see, I see. He's not comin' even to say goodby to me. Maybe he'd rather I'd not go in town to see him, or either? It may be true, as some say, that the young can't feel partin' like the old do. He's all I got in the world, but maybe I don't count for much with him, as good a boy as he's always been."

Mary caught the hardened palms in her own. She drew the old woman to her in a firm embrace. "Are you prepared for real good news, Mrs. Tinsley?" she asked tenderly. "You see, I am afraid."

"Good—good news?" Mrs. Tinsley held her breath, her eyes widening as they fixed themselves on Mary's.

"Yes, the best news in the world, Mrs. Tinsley. Howard is not going away at all. He would have come to tell you himself, but he had some important work to do tonight and left it to me."

Mrs. Tinsley, staring almost incredulously, put her hand behind her, feeling about till it touched a chair. Then she sat down, her eyes still devouring Mary's. Drawing up another chair and holding Mrs. Tinsley's hand, Mary told all that had happened through the

day. As she talked in her gentle way the girl saw the strong features melt into softness and take on a spiritual light more wonderful than she had ever before beheld. Mrs. Tinsley put her hand over her quivering lips and choked down a welling sob.

"The Lord's answered my prayer," she faltered out. "This mornin' after you left, Mary, I went down in the big swamp. I kept goin' until I was out of hearin' of any sounds but the birds, the frogs an' the bees. Then I got down on my knees right whar the mire was shoe mouth deep. Somehow I thought a place like that was better'n a comfortable one. I throwed myself flat on the wet moss, dug my hands into it and cried out to my Maker with what seemed to me to be my last breath. I told 'im to look at me an' point out anything that I had done of harm to any livin' creature, even a dumb brute, or to him an' see if he hadn't overlooked my case too long. I prayed an' prayed like that fer hours on a stretch without stoppin'."

Then all at once some'n seemed to whisper inside o' me, 'Go home,' it said, 'an' wait.'"

"Strange, strange," Mary whispered. "I've prayed, too, that all your trouble might be averted. I was losing faith when the good news fell like a bolt from a clear sky. Howard is going to make up with his father too. He told me that he was going to beg Mr. Tinsley's pardon for his hasty words when he was so angry on the day he left home."

"He shan't do it—my boy shan't lower himself," burst from Mrs. Tinsley's tight throat. "Howard ain't done wrong. Ef he was such a fool as to believe all his pa tries to pound into 'im I'd not respect 'im a bit. I want 'im just like he is. Would a man like Abner Daniel put money behind him ef he was like Hiram? Not much, he wouldn't, in this day of progress an' enlightenment. All Hiram's cold bloodedness about the Bible make a regular fend o' me. But when Howard explains it in his way I know he is right an' feel uplifted."

A few days later Abner and Howard were in full possession of all pertaining to the Clarion. Hillhouse, elated over a congratulatory telegram from his brother and the happiness of his wife over her coming change of residence, was in and out though the day giving this or that advice in regard to the management.

"I'm as green as a long handled gourd in the business," Abner smiled at Howard, once when they were alone and working without their coats in the office, "but I'm willin' to learn new tricks. Stop me the minute I start to make a wrong move. You are the boss, but ef I kin help a little bit I'll be tickled. It is a new game to me, an' I'm goin' to give me a lot o' fun. As I see it, we must draft out a fresh policy an' make it known in our first new issue. I'm glad you think the independent basis is good. I'm a Democrat—died in the wool—it was shot into me like burnt powder from Yankee guns, an' some of it stuck to my bones, but I've got good friends that was Union men an' are Republicans now. I never liked to hear 'em called black, because they always treated me white. I've got friends that are Populists an' a few that fancy they are Socialists, an' I don't want to offend any of 'em. Bein' on the fence is a good thing, fer then we kin drop on the side o' any issue that needs our aid. Say, I want to tell you some'n, an' yet I feel sorter ashamed to do it."

"What is it?" Howard asked, deeply interested.

"Why, you see," Abner actually blushed. "I don't want to brag or sound my own horn even to you, but since the report has got out of this deal o' our'n a lot o' folks has come to me an' said that they wish I'd run a department on the editorial page under my own initials, an' write just as plain as I talk. There is a lot o' plain people in these mountains, an' they tie to plain things. With yore education you kin put in the other sort o' folks, but if you don't object, why?"

"Object?" Howard cried, enthusiastically. "It will be the very life of the paper. You really are a philosopher, Uncle Ab. You don't know it, but you are."

"Well, anyways—Abner took the compliment gracefully—"ridin' out home last night, an' even after I got to bed a notion fer sort of fust word from me kept runnin' in my head, an' this mornin' just after breakfast—out at the stable, of all places—I jotted it down. If—if you wouldn't mind I'll read it to you. It ain't so overly long, fer I've biled it down into as tight a wad as possible."

"Fire away!" Howard cried. "I'll bet it's all right."

Slowly Abner rose, and, going to his coat hanging from a nail on the wall, he took a crumpled piece of paper from a pocket. Unfolding it, and clearing his throat, he began to read aloud.

"To one and all hearty greetings. How's that fer big type at the top of the fust column?" Abner asked, as he looked up.

CHAPTER VII.
PUBLISHER DANIEL.
"PLENDID!" Howard cried. "Go ahead."

"Friends an' fellow citizens, old subscribers an' new, Abner complied in the declaratory tone of a rural preacher. "We but

taken hold of this newspaper with the intention of pumpin' fresh, hot, red blood into 'er veins, or puttin' meat an' muscle on 'er bones an' makin' 'er serve a useful purpose to the community." Here Abner paused and looked at Howard above the paper he was holding.

"I'm a little afraid Hillhouse is goin' to be mad at that statement as well as our changin' the name Clarion to the New Clarion, but he will be down in Augusta an' needn't read it unless he likes. 'This here town,' Abner read on, 'has been in need of a live sheet for the last quarter of a century. The Clarion was drung to the breeze away before the war, but we ain't goin' to blow or brag about 'er age, fer 'er snail pace in the past ain't nothin' to be proud of."

"In the first place, we are goin' to stand fer boomin' our town an' surroundin' country. We are goin' to advocate paved streets and sidewalks in town an' good usable roads in the country. There are some occupied an' unoccupied pigpens right back of our sanctum, the stench o' which ain't to our taste, an' this mornin' we found a friend's brindle cow half way up the stairs to our quarters. We don't know whether she was lookin' fer 'er calf or one of us."

"Last spring we saw seven wagons mired up to the hub within three miles of Darley, an' blushed with patriotic shame as we got down an' helped the owners make a cartway road out o' fences rails split an' owned by another man before the horses an' mules could stir a peg. We don't wish harm to other towns, but we are goin' to make Darley the metropolis o' the Cherokee section."

"Another item. In takin' over this property we bought all debts owing to the Clarion, an' as the Lord is our hope an' maintainer we don't know that there so many crooks walkin' on two legs in decent society. Our worthy predecessor must have been an essay maker. We've spotted this gang, and from this on when we shake hands with one of them an' say good mornin' or ask about the weather we'll just have one thing in mind, an' that will be the coin that's jingin' in the wrong pocket."

"We'll tell you what to do fer your rheumatism, how to avoid yore wife's tongue without a divorce an' how to cure the sore on yore mare's back when a black line is drawn across yore account, not before."

"Another item. Cash down is to be our slogan. We want it understood, too, that we have got enough home knif socks to last a lifetime. We ain't runnin' a produce store either. Time was when a farmer could pick up an overripe watermelon in his patch, catch a hen too old to lay or a rooster too high death to be gallant, take it to his editor an' leave a poem a yard long in memory of the wife's mother an' call it square. But as both of us are confirmed bachelors we ain't interested in table stuff or mother-in-laws."

"A new railroad is bein' talked of in high financial circles, an' we believe we kin influence it to head this way. That assured, cotton factories, woolen mills an' foundries will follow to make use of our wonderful buildin' sites, water power an' other natural resources."

"Good, good! Couldn't be better or more to the point!" Howard cried enthusiastically. "That is another idea I had," Abner went on, with less embarrassment. "See what you think about it. The Clarion has had fer a good many years a mighty lively bunch o' rural correspondents that hit an' slap at one another in a witty an' friendly way. Now, to my mind, they can be made wonderful help to us."

"They certainly can," Howard declared. "Well, my idea is to make 'em even more interested than they ever have been," Abner suggested, "an' this is what occurred to me: Livin' so wide apart as they do, half o' 'em ain't seen the other half, an' it would be a lot o' fun to fetch 'em together in sort o' whoopla' up convention here in town. I'm willin' to pay fer the grub, an' I'd like to give a big spread some night at

"F. W. BEHRENS, JR.
MARKET
162 FAIRFIELD AVE.
Telephone 781

U. S. ENGINEER OFFICE, NEW LONDON, CONN.—A public hearing will be held in Common Council Chamber, City Hall, Bridgeport, Ct., at 2:30 p. m. on January 10, 1916, on applications by City of Bridgeport for approval of plans for new bridge across Pequonnock River at Grand St. and bridge to replace existing bridge across Pequonnock River at East Washington Ave. Bridgeport, Ct. Plans of both bridges will be exhibited at City Engineer's office, City Hall, Bridgeport.

G. B. PILLSBURY,
Major Corps of Engineers,
DESCRIPTION OF BRIDGES.

The proposed East Washington Avenue bridge occupies the site of the present bridge. It is designed with one draw opening instead of the two present openings, and will be operated by a bascule lift. The east fender at the new draw will be on the same line as the east fender of the present west draw opening; the west fender will be about 10 feet west of the present west fender of this opening. The new draw will have 70 feet horizontal clearance between fenders, as compared with 60 feet in the present bridge.

The proposed bridge at Grand street will have one draw span with a 70-foot horizontal clearance between fenders, measured at right angles to the channel line. The draw will be centrally located with respect to this locality. The draw will be a double-leaf bascule lift. Grand street and East Washington Avenue Bridge Commission.

C. H. POLAND, Secy.
T. 23 s. A. 6 s.

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COLONEL "SAM."

General Sir Samuel Hughes seems a very big mouthful to Canadians, who for years have been accustomed to refer to that distinguished army organizer as Colonel "Sam." In fact, in spite of the high honors bestowed upon him as a reward for his services in the present war, General Sir Samuel is likely to remain Colonel "Sam" in the minds of his countrymen to the end of the chapter. The title of "Colonel" and the diminutive "Sam" seem to fit him as "Colonel" and "Teddy" fit the distinguished citizen of the neighboring village of London, the European war broke out it was largely up to Col. Hughes, as Minister of Militia, to provide for Canada's participation in the gigantic struggle, and in the opinion of political friends and foe alike, he was equal to the job. He was enthusiastic, efficient and tireless in his efforts to see to it that the Dominion did not lag behind the rest of the world in giving aid to the mother country. When he visited England last summer he was showered with full honors by Field Marshal Earl Kitchener, and was granted a special audience at Buckingham Palace, when King George bestowed upon him the honor of knighthood. Sir Samuel has been interested in military affairs throughout his mature life, and in the opinion of his countrymen, the head of the militia, who resigned Colonel "Sam's" endeavor upon his own responsibility, to raise a regiment for African service. He afterward went to South Africa on his own, and, making an excellent record, Sir Samuel will pass his sixty-third milestone to-morrow.

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Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets do not contain calomel, but a healing, soothing vegetable laxative.

No griping is the "keynote" of these little sugar-coated, olive-colored tablets. They cause the bowels to move and act normally. They never force them to unnatural action.

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STATE OF CONNECTICUT, DISTRICT OF BRIDGEPORT, ss. PROBATE COURT.

December 17, 1915. Estate of John Shepherd, late of the town of Bridgeport in said district deceased.

The Court of Probate for the District of Bridgeport, hath limited and allowed six months from the date hereof for Creditors of said Estate to exhibit their claims for settlement. Those who neglect to present their accounts, properly attested, within said time, will be barred a recovery. All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to

JOSEPH TAKACS, Administrator, Care of Ernest Berger, Attorney-at-Law, 925 Main St., Bridgeport, Ct. A 6 s.

STATE OF CONNECTICUT, DISTRICT OF BRIDGEPORT, ss. PROBATE COURT.

December 27, 1915. Estate of Viroon Takacs late of the town of Bridgeport, in said district deceased.

The Court of Probate for the District of Bridgeport, hath limited and allowed six months from the date hereof for Creditors of said Estate to exhibit their claims for settlement. Those who neglect to present their accounts, properly attested, within said time, will be barred a recovery. All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to

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STATE OF CONNECTICUT, DISTRICT OF BRIDGEPORT, ss. PROBATE COURT.

January 1, 1916. Estate of Samuel Gross late of the town of Bridgeport in said district deceased.

The Court of Probate for the District of Bridgeport, hath limited and allowed six months from the date hereof for Creditors of said Estate to exhibit their claims for settlement. Those who neglect to present their accounts, properly attested, within said time, will be barred a recovery. All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to

GRACE GROSS, Administratrix, Care of Ernest Berger, Attorney-at-Law, 925 Main St., Bridgeport, Ct. A 6 s.

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Kidney, Bladder and Uric Acid troubles bring misery to many. When the kidneys are weak or diseased, these natural filters do not cleanse the blood sufficiently, and the poisons are carried to all parts of the body. There follow depression, aches and pains, heaviness, drowsiness, irritability, headaches, chilliness and "rheumatism." In some people there are sharp pains in the back and loins, distressing bladder disorders and sometimes obstinate dropsy. The uric acid sometimes forms into gravel or kidney stones. When the uric acid affects the muscles and joints, it causes lumbago, rheumatism, gout or sciatica. This is the time to try "Anuric."

During digestion uric acid is absorbed into the system from meat eaten, and even from some vegetables. The poor kidneys get tired and backache begins. This is a good time to take "Anuric," the new discovery of Dr. Pierce for kidney trouble and backache. Neglected kidney trouble is responsible for many deaths, and Insurance Company examining doctors always test the water of an applicant before a policy will be issued. Have you ever set aside a bottle of water for twenty-four hours? A heavy sediment or settling sometimes indicates kidney trouble. The true nature and character of diseases, especially those of the kidneys and urinary organs, can often be determined by a careful chemical analysis and microscopic examination—this is done by expert chemists of the Medical Staff of the "Invalids' Hotel." If you wish to know your condition send a sample of your water to Doctor Pierce's "Invalids' Hotel," at Buffalo, N. Y., and describe your symptoms. It will be examined without any expense to you, and Doctor Pierce, his Staff of Assisting Physicians will inform you truthfully.

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NOTICE

BRIDGEPORT HYDRAULIC COMPANY

NO. 820 MAIN STREET
Water rates for the quarter ending Jan. 1st, 1916, are NOW DUE and payable to the office of the Company, No. 820 Main Street. All bills must be paid on or before Jan. 15, 1916.

Business hours on Saturdays from 8 A. M. to 12 M.
For the accommodation of the public the office will be kept open from 10 A. M. to 8 P. M. Mondays, January 3rd and 10th, 1916.

ALBERT E. LAVERY,
Secretary

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